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ELECTRIC BUTCHERY. The law of electric death has been carried out on WILLIAM KEMMLER.

For eighteen seconds scorching volts were poured through the trembling form tightly strapped in the chair.

The wretched man still breathed. Again the dynamo is worked.

The volts again rush on their fiery course along the agonized nerves to scorch out the stubborn vitality.

But the charge has not done for the victim yet. The blindfolded man in the chair is not a corpse, but a living thing.

His breath heaves brokenly with spasms of respiration, whose mouth spumes with gummy bubbles of foam.

The handlers of the current, palsied with horror, send the dynamo's full strength through the palpitating organism.

This hideous duel is to the death. Eureka! The subtle fires which roasted Lineman FIKES have at last broiled the wretched KEMMLER to extinction.

The acrid, sickening stench of burning flesh smites the nostrils of the lookers-on.

A thin gray smoke curls about the rigid head. Yes; the current has won. This is unconditional surrender.

The smoking tenebrous tent of the evicted soul, KEMMLER is dead!

Ay, and the fair, sweet mercy of electric death should die with him.

Better, infinitely better, the one, quick wrench of the neck-encircling belt than this passage through the tortures of hell to the relief of death.

THE BEWS OF THE EXECUTION. THE EVENING WORLD was the first to give the details of the bungling execution of KEMMLER at Auburn, and in its series of extras furnished the most complete account of this shocking event.

District-Attorney QUIMBY appeared at the door of the Auburn Prison this morning shortly after 7 o'clock.

He was the first witness of the execution who brought the news to the world outside of the barred and bolted doors of the jail.

Immediately after an EVENING WORLD extra was on the streets.

THE EVENING WORLD is always first in the field, and the public may rest assured that they will be supplied with the promptest information and the most reliable accounts of every event of moment.

WORLDLINGS. Mrs. Caine, wife of the Mormon Delegate to Congress, is a pretty, dark-haired woman of whom her husband is very fond.

A very pretty way to fix a window looking out upon an unpleasant scene is to dissolve Epson salts in beer until it is the consistency of cream, and put it upon the glass with a sponge.

The Right Spirit. "I see," he observed, walking into the sanctum "that you need the services of a letter writer on your editorial column."

"That position has been filled, sir," was the reply.

"I notice also," he went on, "that you advertise for being well, but I had expected for such a position."

"I don't know what you mean," said the editor.

"I mean," he said, "that you advertise for being well, but I had expected for such a position."

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

It is not enough for vanity fair to resort to the hundred old devices for giving her hair the reddish or yellowish hue that it was never intended to have.

The newest thing in hosiery is a silk and wool stocking with black ankles, intended for black stockings.

Pretty old-fashioned lawn are worn at the various resorts with charming effect.

The Princess of Wales formally opened the first meeting of the Royal Life Association of the United Kingdom at Harley by firing at one of the targets which by etiquette termed the first shot on the grounds.

Printed mouseline de laines are dressy, cooler even than alpaca, and also very much worn.

The law of electric death has been carried out on WILLIAM KEMMLER. It was a chastely revolting torture.

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SINGLES.

The Free Doctors Are Kept Busy This Hot Weather.

You Can Aid Them by Swelling the Fund.

Miss Maria Tempest, in "The Red Hussar," at Palmer's Theatre last night, was, if not a cyclone of a temper, a very charming April shower.

The music is good, and the fact that men attempted to whistle the "Song of the Regiment," as they fled out after the last act, showed that it was of that catchy order which carries an opera.

There is no reason why "The Red Hussar" should not have a moderate run at Palmer's.

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WIT AND HONOR ON TAP.

All Are Invited to the Funny Commissioner Gallup's Resolution to Be Passed by the Board.

On the Maine Coast. (From the Journal.)

What sort of fish do you boating chaps find the most profitable to catch?

Wanted. (From the Journal.)

Judged Like Old Dog Tray. (From the Journal.)

At Bath Beach. (From the Journal.)

The Lovely Pests. (From the Journal.)

Angry Farmer. (From the Journal.)

Appropriate. (From the Journal.)

At Sound of the Dinner Horn. (From the Journal.)

Robinson Crusoe—Well, Friday, what have we for dinner to-day?

Several Fibres. (From the Journal.)

Let the Cobbler Stick to His Last. (From the Journal.)

Two convicts had just been discharged from Sing Sing.

Weeks—I despise that fellow Wangley. There isn't a single fibre of manhood about him.

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